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NORMA.

TRAGEDIA LYRICA IN TRE ATTI.

DEL SIGNOR ROMANI.

Musica di Vincenzo Bellini.



0

NORMA.

A LYRICAL TRAGEDY,

IN THREE ACTS

BY

SIGNOR ROMANI.

THE MUSIC BY VICENZO BELLINI.

**TRANSLATED AND ADAPTED FROM THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN SCORE, AS
PERFORMED IN ITALY, PARIS, GERMANY AND LONDON, AND
ARRANGED EXPRESSLY FOR THE AMERICAN STAGE,**

BY HENRY EDWARD SUTTON.

NEW YORK :

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July 1, 1914

Bequest of

Georgina Lowe Putnam.

Entered, according to Act of Congress,

BY HENRY EDWARD SUTTON,

In the Clerk's Office for the Southern District of New York.

PREFACE.

IN offering the present translation to the public, Mr. Sutton begs to make a few remarks. When quitting this country for Italy, his intention was to pursue his studies so as to enable him to produce correct translations of any opera Mrs. Sutton might perform in. Without a literal and correct translation of the poet's ideas, the effect of the music is lost—as the music was composed to the words, and not the words to the music. This object attained, Americans are equally enabled to enjoy with the foreigner the works of a Mozart, Rossini, Bellini, or Donizetti. The public, therefore, and particularly those who have seen the Opera abroad, will be enabled to judge whether his efforts have been crowned with success; their approval and approbation will be his greatest reward.

PERSONAGGI.

NORMA, druididessa, figlia di Oroveso.

OROVESO, capo dei Druidi.

POLLIONE, proconsole di Roma nelle Cambria.

ADALGISA, giovine ministra del tempio d'Irminsul.

CLOTILDE, confidente di Norma.

FLAVIO, amico di Pollione.

DUE FANCIULLI, figli di Norma e di Pollione.

CORI E COMPARSE.

Druidi, Bardi, Eubagi, Sacerdotesse, Guerrieri e Soldati galli.

La scena è nelle Cambria, nella foresta sacra e nel tempio d'Irminsul,

è notte.

PERFORMED AT THE PARK THEATRE, NEW YORK.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

NORMA, Chief Priestess, and daughter of
Oroveso.....**MRS. SUTTON.**
OROVESO, Chief of the Druids**MR. MEYER.**
POLLIONE, Pro-Consul of Rome, in Cambria, **MR. JONES.**
ADALGISA, a young Priestess of the tem-
ple of Irminsul.....**MRS. BAYLEY.**
CLOTILDE, Confidant of Norma.....**MISS TAYLOR.**
FLAVIO, friend to Pollione.....
Two children of Norma and Pollione. **MISS E. L. SUTTON.**
and _____

CHORUS AND COMPANY.

**Druids, Priests, Bards, Astrologers, Priestesses, Warriors
and Gallic soldiers.**

**The scene is laid in Cambria, in the Sacred Forest, and in
the Temple of Irminsul.**

The time, evening.

ARGUMENT.

ACT I.

THE Gauls, having subjugated the Romans, committed the reigns of government into the hands of Pollione, a Pro-Consul; and he became enamoured of Norma, the daughter of Oroveso, the chief of the Druids. Being of high birth she was much respected, and their superstition knew no bounds in regarding her as the unerring oracle from whom they received the decrees of their Grand Deity Irminsul. He was supposed to convey his decrees from an ancient oak, entwined with the mistletoe plant, considered by them as sacred. Under this oak they erected an altar to his service.

Norma becomes secretly united to Pollione: she gave birth to two children, which remains a secret to all except Clotilde, a young Priestess, and her confident. Pollione having seen Adalgisa, a young Priestess of the Temple, becomes so violently in love with her, that he deserts Norma, and by his persuasions induces Adalgisa to fly with him to Rome. Adalgisa, overwhelmed with remorse, resolves to disclose all to Norma, and ask her forgiveness. She discovers her indiscretion, and obtains forgiveness from Norma, who asks the name of her lover; and Pollione, who has appointed to meet Adalgisa appearing, she points to him as the object of her affections. The astonishment and rage of Norma may be easily conceived, at discovering her faithless husband. She reproaches him with the greatest fury; and the sacred shield sounding for the sacrifice to Irminsul, she places herself to shield Adalgisa, driving off Pollione.

ACT II.

Norma, distressed beyond measure at the desertion of Pollione, and overcome with conflicting emotions, resolves to destroy her children. She enters the room for that purpose, where they are sleeping on a couch. Her maternal feelings, however, overcome her; and, calling Clotilde, she sends for Adalgisa, and requests her to take charge of her children, being determined to kill herself. Adalgisa, however, persuading her that Pollione will return to her, withdraws her from the gloomy despair in which she is plunged, and leaves to effect the return of Pollione.

ACT III.

Norma, recalling to mind all the joys of her first days of happiness with Pollione, pleases herself with the idea of his coming to her feet, a repentant and supplicating lover. In the midst of these pleasing reveries, Clotilde enters to inform her that Adalgisa has been unsuccessful in her efforts, and that Pollione swears to tear her (Adalgisa) from the altar. Bursting with returning rage and jealousy, Norma strikes the sacred shield summons Oroveso and the warrior priests, &c., and declaring war against the Romans, the song of war is sung—in the midst of which Clotilde enters to inform them that a Roman has been taken near the spot dedicated to the sacred priestesses—which turns out to be Pollione. Norma's delight is extreme, at being so soon avenged. She seizes with eagerness the dagger of Oroveso to stab him, but love still struggles in her breast, and struck with a sudden thought, she dismisses all except Pollione. Her purpose in thus dismissing them, shows itself by her endeavoring to prevail on Pollione to renounce Adalgisa; but failing in doing so, she summons Oroveso, the soldiers, &c. back, and reveals to them all her guilt, and after succeeding in prevailing on her father to take charge of her children, she consoles herself with the idea that she is united to Pollione even in death.

First Act.

SCENE I.

A Forest sacred to the Druids ; towards the centre is the oak of Irminsul, at the foot of which is seen the Druidical stone, which serves for an altar. In the distance are hills and woods. The time night. Among the woods are seen the gleam of distant fires.

At the sound of the Religious march, the GALLIC BANDS enter, then the procession of DRUIDS, lastly OROVESO, with the High Priests.

ORO. Go to yon hill, oh Druids,
Go observe in the sky
The new moon lift her sacred head —
Her silv'ry disk descry ;
And at the first soft rays
Of her pale and virgin light,
Thrice let the mystic bronze display
Its sacerdotal might.

DRU. To cut the sacred misletoe
Norma will come ?

ORO. Yes, Norma.

DRU. With thy true prophetic fires
Inflame her, oh terrible God,
Irminsul, her mind inspire
With hate to Roman blood ;
For ever then shall cease
This dread and hated peace.

ORO. His voice with dreadful sound shall fall
From this old and sacred tree,
Soon shall disappear from Gaul
The eagles of our enemy.
His mighty shield shall sound afar,
And be the dreadful thunder's roar,
And in the Cæsars' city's bounds
Tremendous shall resound.

TUTTI. Luna, ti affretta a sorgere !
Norma all' altar verrà

POLLIONE E FLAVIO.

Recitativo.

POL. Svanir le voci ; dell'orrenda selva libero è il varco.

FLA. In quella selva è morte, Norma tel disse.

POL. Profferisti un nome che il cor m'agghiaccia.

FLA. Altra ameresti tu ?

POL. Parla somnesso. Un' altra sì...Adalgisa...
Ministra al tempio di questo Iddio di sangue.

FLA. Misero amico ! e amato sei tu del pari ?

POL. Io n'ho fiducia.

FLA. E l'ira non temi tu di Norma ?

POL. Atroce, orrenda, me la presenta il mio rimorso estremo...un sogno.

FLA. Ah ! narra.

POL. In rammentarlo io tremo.

Meco all' altar di Venere

Era Adalgisa in Roma,

Cinta di bende candide,

Sparsa di fior' la chioma.

Udia d'Imene i cantici,

Vedea fumar gl'incensi,

Eran rapiti i sensi

Di voluttade e amor,

Quando fra noi terribile

Viene a locarsi un' ombra

L'ampio mantel druidico

Come un vapor l'ingombra :

Cade sull'ara il folgore,

D'un vel si copre il giorno,

Muto si spande intorno

Un sepolcrale orror.

Più l'adorata vergine

Io non mi trovo allato ;

N'odo da lunge un gémito,

Misto de' figli al pianto...

Ed una voce orribile

Eccheggia in fondo al tempio :

ALL. Shine forth, young moon, in beauty bright,
To the altar Norma comes to-night.

Enter POLLIONE and FLAVIO.

Recitative.

POL. All is silent, and in this horrid wood free is
the path.

FLA. In that wood lurks death—Norma has said so.

POL. Ah, that name with horror freezes my soul!

FLA. Do you love another?

POL. Speak not so loud. Another? Yes,---Adal-
gisa---a priestess in the temple of that god of blood.

FLA. Unhappy friend! and is thy love returned?

POL. I doubt it not.

FLA. And fear you not the anger of Norma?

POL. My remorse presents it to me in a dream atro-
cious horrid.

FLA. Ah, relate it.

POL. Thinking of it, I tremble---

With me at Hymen's shrine in Rome

Was lovely Adalgisa plac'd;

A veil entwin'd her beauteous form,

Her head with flow'ry garlands grac'd;

She heard sweet Hymen's tender lay,

The burning incense smiling saw;

Enwrap't with soft affection's sway,

Eternal love and faith I swore,

And then between us rose in air

A dread, a dread terrific shade,

With ample mantle cover'd o'er,

As with a dark and vap'rous cloud,

And on the trembling altar fell

The crashing thunder's frightful sound,

And night in dread and darkest spell

With horror sepulchral reign'd around;

And then alas no longer there

The lovely maid descrying,

Sighing came o'er the distant air

With children's wail and crying,

And from the temple's cloister'd walls,

A dreadful voice then then sped,

*Norma così fa scempio
Di amante traditor.*

(Squilla il sacro bronzo.)

FLA. Odi !...I suoi riti a compiere
Norma dal tempio move.

Voci lontane.

Sorta è la Luna, o Druidi,
Ite, profani, altrove.

FLA. Vieni, fuggiam...sorprendere,
Scoprite alcun ti può

POL. Traman congiure i barbari...
Ma io li preverrò...

Mi protegge, mi diffende :

Un poter maggior di loro :

E il pensier di lei che adoro

E l'amor che m'infiammò.

Di quel Dio che a me contende

Quella vergine celeste

A derò le rie foreste

L'empio altare abatterò

(Partono rapidamente.)

**DRUIDI, SACERDOTESSE, GUERRIERI, BARDI, EUBAGI,
SACRIFICATORI, e in mezzo a tutti OROVESO.**

Coro generale.

Norma viene : le cinge la chioma

La verbena ai misteri sacrata ;

In sua man come luna falcata

L'aurea falce diffonde splendor.

Ella viene : e la stella di Roma

Sbigottita si copre d'un velo ;

Irmisul corre i campi del cielo

Qual cometa foriera d'orror.

NORMA in alle sue Ministre]

(La front circondata con una corona di verbena, ed armata la mano d'una falce d'oro. Si colloca sulla pietra druidica, e volge gli occhi d'intorno come irata. Tutti fanno silenzio.)

Norma's revenge thus falls
On a false traitor's head !

The sacred bronze resounds.

FLAV. Listen ! Her rites to finish in these groves,
Norma from the temple comes !

Voices at a distance.

The moon, oh Druids, holds her sway,
Hence, ye profane, hence away.

FLAV. Come, let us fly ; some one may surprise
you.

POL. 'Gainst, me they have conspir'd ; I will frustrate
their designs.

There protects, there defends me, a power
In strength far greater than theirs ;
Tis the thought of her I adore,
Her love undivided I share.
Altars so impious I'll raze,
Thesewoods with fire I'll burn
Of a God who keeps from my gaze
This virgin so radiant with charms.

(They leave hurriedly.)

Enter DRUIDS, PRIESTESSES. WARRIORS, BARDS, ASTROLOGERS, SACRIFICING PRIESTS, and, in the centre of all, OREVOSO.

Chorus general.

Norma comes, whilst her brows around
Are with the sacred vervain bound ;
And in her hand, like the crescent moon,
The golden reaping-hook is seen.
She comes, she comes ; and the star of Rome
Is veild, and its bright refulgence gone.
Irminsul, the while, in heaven's sphere,
Rolls the dread messenger of fear.

Enter NORMA, with her PRIESTESSES, her head bound with vervain, and a golden sickle in her hand. She mounts the Druidical stone, and turns her eyes around with anger. All are silent.

Recitativo.

NOR. Sediziose voci, voci di guerra avvi chi alzar si attende Presso all'ara del Dio? v'ha chi presume dettar responsi alla veggente Norma, e di Roma affrettar il fato arcano?...Ei non dipende da potere umano.

ORO. E fino a quando oppressi ne vorrai tu? Contaminate assai non fur le patrie selve e i templi aviti dall'aquile latine? Omai di Brenno oziosa non può starsi la spada.

TUTTI. Si brandisca una volta.

NOR. E infranta cada. Infrata, sì, se alcun di voi snudarla anzi tempo pretende. Ancor non sono della nostra vendetta i di maturi: delle sicambre scuri sono i pili romani ancor più forti.

TUTTI. E che ti annunzia il Dio? parla: quai sorti?

NOR. Io ne volumi arcani leggo del cielo; in pagine di morte della superba Roma è scritto il nome... ella un giorno morrà; ma non per voi. Morrà pei vizi suoi; qual consunta morrà. L'ora fatal che compia il gran decreto. Pace v'intimo... et il sacro vischio io mieto.

(Falcia il vischio: le Sacerdotesse lo raccolgono in canestri di vimini. Norma si avvanza e stende le braccia al cielo. La luna splende in tutta la sua luce. Tutti si prostrano.)

PREGHIERA.

NORMA.

Casta Diva, che inargenti
Queste sacre antiche piante,
A noi volgi il bel sembiante
Senza nube e senza vel.
Tempra tu de' cori ardenti,
Tempra ancor lo zelo audace,
Spargi in terra quella pace
Che regnar tu fai nel ciel.

TUTTI. A noi volgi il bel sembiante
Senza nube et senza vel.

NOR. Fine al rito; e il sacro bosco
Sia disgombro dai profani,

Recitative.

NOR. Seditious voices! Voices of war who dare presume to raise near the altar of God? Who will presume to dictate to the all-wise Norma, and the secret fate of Rome to hasten? Her fate depends not—no, depends not on human power.

ORO. How long and much oppress'd shall we remain? Contaminated enough has been our country's groves and temples by the Roman eagles. The sword of Brenno cannot longer remain inactive.

ALL. Yes, brandish it once more.

NOR. Let it fall broken. Broken, yes, if one of you shall dare draw it before its time. The day that gives us vengeance on these our foes, is not arrived. The swords of Cambria are not of equal force with those of Rome.

ALL. And what does God announce? Speak—what destiny?

NOR. In Heaven's sacred volume, to me appears the pages of death; and the mighty Rome has there her doom, that she one day must die, but not by you. She dies by her own vices. Consum'd thus, she falls. Peace I announce, and the sacred plant I gather.

(She cuts the mistletoe; the priestesses gather it in wicker baskets. The moon shines forth in all her splendor. All prostrate themselves.)

PRAYER.

NORMA.

Chaste goddess, shed thy silv'ry light
On this sacred ancient dell.
Turn on us thy rays so bright,
Without a cloud, without a veil.
Calm, oh! goddess, this ardent race,
Calm once more their fervent zeal,
Spread on earth, ah, spread that peace
That in heaven is made to dwell.

ALL. Turn on us thy rays so bright,
Without a cloud, without a veil.

NOR. The rites accomplished, the sacred grove
Shall be clear'd from the profane.

Quando il Nume irato e fosco
Chiegga il sangue dei Romani,
Dal druidico delubro
La mia voce tuonerà.

TUTTI. Tuoni : e un sol del popol empio
Non isfugga al giusto scempio ;
E primier da noi percosso
Il proconsole cadrà.

NOR. Si : cadrà...punirlo io posso...
(Ma punirlo il cor non sa.)
(Ah ! bello a me ritorna
Del fido amor primiero ;
E contro il mondo intiero
Difesa a te sarò.

CORO. Sei lento, sì, sei lento
O giorno di vendetta ;
Ma irato il Dio t'affretta
Che il Tebro condannò.

NOR. Ah ! bello a me ritorna
Del raggio tuo sereno
E vita nel tuo seno
E patria e ciel avrò.)
Ah ! riedi ancora qual' eri allora
Quando, ah ! quando il cor ti die.

(Norma parte, e tutti la seguono in ordine.)

ADALGISA sola.

Recitativo.

Sgombra è la sacra selva, compiuto il rito. Sospirar non vista alfin poss'io, qui, qui, dove a me s'offerse la prima volta quel fatal Romano, che mi rende rubella al tempio, al Dio...Fosse l'ultima almen ! Vano desio ! Irresistibil forza qui mi strascina...e di quel caro aspetto il cor si pasce...e di sua cara voce l'aura che spira mi ripete il suono. *(Corre a prostrarsi sulla pietra d' Irminsul.)*
Deh ! proteggimi, o Dio : perduta io sono.

POLLIONE, FLAVIO e DETTA.

POL. (Eccola ; va, mi lascia
Ragion non odo.) *(Fla parte.)*
ADA. *(Veggendolo, sbigottita)* Oh ! Pollion !

When the angry gods approve,
 Roman blood shall flow again ;
 And from the Druids' temple's bounds
 My voice, my voice afar shall sound.

ALL. Sound ! the impious shall meet their doom.
 Vengeance we'll take on all.
 Crush'd the first beneath our arm,
 The proconsul shall fall.

NOR. Yes, shall fall. I can punish him. (*Aside*)
 But to punish him this heart is unequal.

Ah ! dearest, once more returning,
 With thy first faithful love to me ;
 The entire world, then, spurning,
 A shield to thee I'll be.

ALL. Then hasten on thy tardy way,
 Oh day of our revenge ;
 The angry gods will not delay,
 Or the Tiber's fall defend.

NOR. Ah ! dearest, once more returning,
 With those fond looks serene ;
 Thy heart new life conferring,
 My home and heaven will have within.
 Ah ! smile once more, as in that happy hour
 When this heart felt its magic power.

(*Norma leaves, and all follow her in order.*)

Enter ADALGISA alone.

Recitative.

The sacred groves forsaken ! The rites are finish'd.
 I can sigh in secret o'er my fond love here, where ap-
 peared for the first time this fatal Roman, who has a
 rebel made me to God and my temple. Would I had
 never seen him. Ah ! vain desire. An irresistible
 force draws me hither ; with his adored image my
 heart is fed ; the air I breathe resounds with his lov'd
 voice. (*Runs and prostrates herself at the altar of Ir-
 minsul.*) Ah ! protect me, oh God, or I am lost.

Enter POLLIONE and FLAVIO.

POL. Behold her. Go, leave me ; I'll hear no more.
 (*Flavio exit.*)

ADA. (*Agitated at seeing him.*) Ah ! Pollion !

POL. Che veggo? Piangevi tu?

ADA. Pregava. Ah! t'allontana, pregar mi lascia.

POL. Un Dio tu preghi atroce, crudele, avverso al tuo desire e al mio. O mia diletta! il Dio che invocar devi, è Amor...

ADA. Amor! deh! taci... Ch'io più non t'oda.

(Si allontana da lui.)

POL. E vuoi fuggirmi! e dove fuggir vuoi tu ch'io non ti segua!

ADA. Al tempio, ai sacri altari ch'io sposar giurai.

POL. Gli altari! e il nostro amor?...

ADA. Io l'obbliai.

POL. Va crudele: e al Dio spietato
Offri in dote il sangue mio.
Tutto, ha! tutto ei sia versato,
Ma lasciarti non poss'io:
Sol promessa al Dio tu fosti...
Ma il tuo core a me de si diè
Ah! non sai quel che mi costi
Perch'io mai rinunzi a te.

ADA. E tu pure, ah! tu non sai
Quanto costi a me dolente!
All'altare che oltraggiai
Lieta andava ed innocente...
Il pensiero al ciel s'ergera,
Il mio Dio vedeva in ciel...
Or per me spergiura e rea
Cielo e Dio ricopre un vel.

POL. Ciel più puro, e Dei migliori
T'offro in Roma, ov'io mi reco.

ADA. Parti forse!!

(Colpita.)

POL. Anuovi albori.

ADA. Parti ed io?

POL. Tu vieni meco.
De'tuoi riti è Amor più santo...
A lui cedi, ah! cedi a me.

ADA. Ah, non dirlo...

(Piu commossa.)

POL. Che ascoltato io sia da te.

ADA. Deh mi lascia.

POL. Ah deh cedi a me.

POL. What do I see? You weep.

ADA. I pray'd. Ah! withdraw; leave me to pray.

POL. Thou prayest a god atrocious and cruel, adverse to thy desires and mine. Oh! my delight, the god thou shouldst invoke is love.

ADA. Is love! Ah leave me. Listen I cannot.

(Withdraws herself from him.)

POL. And would you fly? Ah! whither canst thou fly, and I not follow?

ADA. To the temple—the sacred altars that I have sworn to wed.

POL. The altars! Think of our love.

ADA. I have forgotten all.

POL. Go, cruel, to thy unpitied God,
Offer'd my blood shall be;
Life's last drop for thee be pour'd,
But ne'er can I quit thee.
Tho' bound to God thou art,
Thy love to me was given,
Thou knowest not the grief to part,
When hearts by love are riven.

ADA. Ah, canst thou, no, thou canst not tell,
How great the grief for thee I bear;
How from the altar's faith I fell;
How innocence forsook me there.
To heaven with joy I turn'd—
To God alone I kneel'd.
Perjur'd, guilty, now I'm spurn'd,
For heaven to me is veil'd.

POL. Purer heaven, mightier Gods,
In Rome I offer thee.

ADA. You part, and when? *(Agitated.)*

POL. At dawn to-morrow.

ADA. You part, and I—

POL. Shall come with me.

Love is greater than thy rites,
Yield to him, ah, yield to me.

ADA. Ah! do not ask me. *(Agitated.)*

POL. I will repeat it whilst I am near thee.

(With the greatest tenderness.)

ADA. Ah, pray leave me.

POL. Pray yield to me.

ADA. Ah non posso me proteggi o giusto ceil.

POL. Abandonar m'hai così Adalgisa, Adalgisa.

ADA. Ah! non dirlo... (*Piu compassa.*)

POL. Il dirò tanto

Che ascoltato io sia da te.

Vieni in Roma, ah! vieni, o cara...

(*Con tutta la tenerezza.*)

Dove è amore, e gioja, e vita...

Inebbriam nostr'alme a gara

Del contento a cui ne invita...

Voce in cor parlar non senti,

Che promette eterno ben?

Ah! da' fede ai dolci accenti...

Sposo tuo ti stringi al sen.

ADA. (Ciel! così parlar l'ascolto...

Sempre, ovunque, al tempio istesso...

Con quegli occhi, con quel volto

Fin sull'ara il veggo impresso...

Ei trionfa del mio pianto,

Del mio duol vittoria ottien...

Ah! mi togli al dolce incanto,

O l'error perdona almen.)

POL. Adalgisa!!

ADA. Ah! mi risparmi

Tua pietà maggior cordoglio.

POL. Adalgisa! e vuoi lasciarmi?

ADA. Nol poss'io...seguir ti voglio.

POL. Qui...domani, all'ora istessa...

Verrai tu?

ADA. Ne fo promessa.

POL. Giura.

ADA. Giuro.

POL. Oh! mio contento!

Ti rammenta...

ADA. Ah! mi rammento...

Al mio Dio sarò spergiura;

Ma fedele a te sarò.

POL. L'amor tuo mi rassicura,

E il tuo Dio sfidar saprò. (*Partono.*)

ADA. No, I cannot. Protect me, oh, just heaven.

POL. And can'st thou leave me thus, Adalgisa!
Adalgisa!

Dearest, dearest, come to Rome.

(With the greatest tenderness.)

Love and joy there hold their throne;
Pleasure reigns triumphant there,
And bliss alone invites our care.
List to the voice that fills thy breast,
That tells thee we shall e'er be blest;
List to my fervent vows that prove
A heart devoted to thy love.

ADA. Heaven! that voice, that voice I hear.
E'en in the temple's vast recess,
His eyes, his every looks appear,
And on the altar are imprest.
Yes, he triumphs in my tears;
My grief he quickly overcomes.
Save me, heaven, from his soft vows;
Pardon all I've thought or done.

POL. Adalgisa!

ADA. Ah! let thy pity spare me.

POL. Adalgisa! and would you leave me?

ADA. Ah! no, I cannot; with thee I'll e'er remain.

POL. Here, then, will I see you to-morrow at the
same hour.

ADA. I promise thee.

POL. Swear.

ADA. I swear.

POL. Oh, happiness, forget not.

ADA. Yes, I'll remember.

Perjur'd to my God I'll be,
Faithful to thee remain.

(Both.) Bliss in thy fond looks I'll see,
Thy God alone I'll claim.

SCENA II.

Foresta con Abitazione di Norma.

NORMA e CLOTILDE. *Recano per mano due piccoli fanciulli.*

Recitativo.

NOR. Vanne e li cela entrambi. Oltre l'usato io tremo d'abbracciarli..

CLO. E qual ti turba strano timor, che i figli tuoi rigetti?

NOR. Non so.. diversi affetti strazian quest' alma. Amo in un punto ed odio I figli miei.. Soffro in vederli, e soffro S'io non li veggo. Non provato mai Sento un diletto ed un dolore insieme D'esser lor madre.

CLO. E madre sei?..

NOR. Nol fossi!

CLO. Qual rio contrasto!..

NOR. Imaginar non puossi. O mia Clotilde! richiamato al Tebro e Pollion.

CLO. E teco ei parte?

NOR. Ei tace il suo pensiero. Oh! s'ei fuggir tentasse.. e qui lasciarmi?.. se obbliar potesse questi suoi figli!..

CLO. E il credi tu?

NOR. Non lo so. E troppo tormentoso, Troppo orrendo un tal dubbio. Alcun s'avanza. Va.. li cela,

(Clo. parte coi fanciulli. Nor. li abbraccia.)

ADALGISA.

NOR. Adalgisa!

ADA. *(da lontano)* (Alma, costanza.)

NOR. Tinoltra, o giovinetta, Tinoltra. E perchè tremi?—Udii che grave a me segreto palesar tu voglia.

ADA. E ver. *(Si prostra a Norma.)*

NOR. M'abbraccia, e parla. Che ti affligge?

(La solleva.)

ADA. *(Dopo un momento d'esitazione)* Amore...

NOR. Ahi! sventurata! del tuo primier mattino già turbato è il sereno?...E come, e quando, nacque tal fiamma in te?

SCENE II.

Wood, with Norma's Habitation.

Enter NORMA and CLOTILDE, leading by the hands two children.

Recitative.

NOR. Go and conceal them both ; unaccustomed feeling, I tremble to embrace them.

CLOT. And what disturbs yon strange tremor thus to reject your children ?

NOR. I know not. Divers affections rend this breast ; at the same moment I love and hate my children. To see them pains me—not to see them pains me more. Dreadful feeling ! I suffer pleasure and grief in being their mother.

CLOT. Their mother thou art ?

NOR. Would I were not.

CLOT. What strange contrast.

NOR. I cannot bear to think, oh Clotilde, recalled from hence is Pollione.

CLOT. And you part with him.

NOR. His thoughts he keeps from me. Oh if he attempt to fly and leave me thus--if he should forget these his children.

CLOT. And believe you so ?

NOR. I dare not. Too cruel and tormenting—too horrid is that thought. Some one advances—go and conceal them.

Exit CLOTILDE with children ; NORMA embraces them.

Enter ADALGISA

NOR. Adalgisa.

ADA. (*At a distance.*) Courage my soul.

NOR. Approach, young maiden, approach, and tremble not. I hear that you have an important secret to confide to me.

ADA. It is true. (*Prostrates herself to Norma.*)

NOR. Embrace me and speak what affects thee.
(*Cares her.*)

ADA. (*After a moment's hesitation*) Love.

NOR. Ah ! unhappy one, thy life's first morning ray are with dark clouds o'erspread ; and how and when did this flame arise in thee ?

ADA. Da un solo sguardo. Da un sol sospiro, nella sacra selva, a piè dell' ara ov'io pregava il Dio. Tremai... sul labbro mio si arrestò la preghiera: e tutta assorta in quel leggiadro aspetto un altro cielo mirar credetti, nn altro cielo in lui.

NOR. (Oh! remembranza! io fui così rapita al sol mirarlo in volto.)

ADA. Ma non mi ascolti tu?

NOR. Segui... t'ascolto.

ADA. Sola, furtiva, al tempio
Io l'aspettai sovente;
E ogni dì più fervida
Crebbe la fiamma ardente.

NOR. (Io stessa...

Arsi così:

ADA. Vieni, ei dicea, concedi
Ch'io mi ti prostri ai piedi,

NOR. Oh remembranza Io fui così sedotta.

ADA. Lascia che l'aura io spiri
Dei dolci tuoi sospiri,
Del tuo bel crin l'anella
Dammi poter bacciar.

NOR. (Oh! cari accenti!

Così li proferia...
Così trovava del mio cor la via.)

ADA. Dolci qual arpa armonica
M'eran le sue parole;
Negli occhi suoi sorridere
Vedeo più bello un sole.

NOR. L'incanto suo fu il mio.

ADA. Io fui perduta e il sono.
D'uopo ho del tuo perdono.
Deh! tu mi reggi e guida,
Mi rassicura, o sgrida.

NOR. Ah! tergi il pianto
Te non lega eterno nodo all'ara
Ah! si fa core, abbracciami.
Perdono e ti compiangio.
Dai voti tuoi ti libero,

ADA. From one only look, a single sigh in the sacred groves, when at the altar I supplicated God, I trembled upon my lips—the coming prayer was stayed, and all absorbed in his too charming aspect, another heaven I beheld in him.

NOR. (*Aside*) Oh sweet remembrance, I was thus enchanted by one only look.

ADA. But you do not hear me.

NOR. Proceed, I hear thee.

ADA. There when alone, at the temple's shrine,
How oft did he appear ;
Warmer my love each time
Became when he was near.

NOR. (*Aside*) My love was thus inflamed.

ADA. Fly then with me, ah yield thee !
Prostrate thus see me at thy feet

NOR. Oh sweet remembrance.
E'en thus was I deceived.

ADA. Thy balmy sighs for e'er shall be
The choicest, rarest prize to me,
Oh let me kiss the curls that deck
Thy lov'd and beauteous virgin neck.

NOR. [*Aside*] Oh dear accents !
Thus to me he'd pray—
Thus to my heart he found the way.

ADA. Yes, dearer, sweeter far to me,
Was his lov'd voice than music's sound,
Whilst in his eyes bright sparkling rays,
Another and finer sun I found.
I was, ah yes, was lost ;

NOR. Enchanted thus I was.

ADA. In pity extend to me thy care.
Deign then to guide—forgive the past
Assure, assure me from despair.

NOR. Ah, cease thy tears, thou art not tied
Forever to the altar's side.
Receive from me this warm embrace.
I pity and forgive.
Thy vows to God I will erase,

I tuoi legami io frango
Al caro ogetto unita
Vivrai felice ancor.

ADA. Ripeti, o ciel ripetimi
Si lusinghieri accenti :
Per te, per te s' acquetano
I lunghi miei tormenti.
Tu rendi a me la vita,
Se non è colpa amor.

NOR. Ma di... l'amato giovane
Quale fra noi si noma ?

ADA. Culla ei non ebbe in Gallia...
Roma gli è patria...

NOR. Roma !
Ed è ? prosegui...

POLLOINE.

ADA. Il mira.

NOR. Ei ! Pollion !

ADA. Qual ira ?

NOR. Costui, costui dicesti ?...

Ben io compresi ?

ADA. Ah ! si.

POL. Misera te ! che festi !

[*Inoltrandosi ad Ada.*]

ADA. Io !...

NOR. Tremi tu ? e per chi ? [*A Pollione.*]

[*Alcuni momenti di silenzio.*]

[*Pollione è confuso, Andalgsa tremante, e Norma fremente.*]

Oh ! non tremare, o perfido,
No, non tremare, per lei,
Essa non è colpevole,
Il malfattor tu sei...
Trema per te, fellow...
Pei figli tuoi... per me...

ADA. Che ascoloto ?... ah ! Pollione !
Taci. t'arresti ! ahime !

Thy freedom will I give.
The joys of thy united love
A paradise shall prove.

ADA. Repeat, oh heaven, repeat to me,
Those flattering, joyous accents ;
Forever hush'd my grief shall be
From long and suffering torments.
Life, yes, life to me you give.
Alone, alone, for love I'll live.

NOR. But say of this lov'd youth,
Confide to me his name.

ADA. In Gaul he was not born—
Rome is his country.

NOR. [*With surprise*] Rome and he is—
Proceed !

Enter POLLION.

ADA. Behold him !

NOR. Him, Pollion ! [*with astonishment.*]

ADA. What anger !

NOR. Not him ! not him ! you said ;
Have I understood well ?

ADA. Ah yes !

POL. Unhappy ! what hast thou done ?

[*Approaching ADALGISA.*]

ADA. I !

NOR. You tremble, for whom ? (*to POLLIONE.*)

[*A moment's silence.*]

POLLIONE is confused, ADALGISA trembling and NORMA
raging.

Oh do not tremble, faithless one !

Ah, tremble not for her ;

She is not the guilty one,

Thou hast alone to fear !

Tremble for thyself, felon !

For thy children and me, felon !

ADA. What do I hear, ah, Pollione !

Your falter.—~~silent~~, alas !

[*Si copre il volto colle mani. Norma l'afferra per un braccio, e la costringe a mirrar Pollione.*]

NOR. Oh ! di qual sei tu vittima
Crudo e funesto ignanno !
Pria che costui conoscere
T'era il morir men danno.
Fonte d'eternè lagrime.
Egli a te pur dischiuso
Come il mio cor deluso
Lempio il tuo cor tradi.

ADA. Oh ! qual traspare orribile
Dal tuo parlar mistero !
Trema il mio cor di chiedere ;
Trema d'udire il vero...
Tutta comprendo, o misera,
Tutta la mia sventura...
Essa non ha misura,
Se m'ingannò così.

POL. Norma ! de tuoi rimproveri
Segno non farmi adesso.
Deh ! a queste afflitta vergine
Sia respirar concesso...
Cópria a quell' alma ingenua,
Cópria nostr' onta un velo...
Giudichi solo il cielo
Qual più di noi falli.

NOR. Perfido !

POL. Or basti. [Per allontanarsi.]

NOR. Fermati.

POL. Vieni... [*Afferra Adalgisa.*]

ADA. Mi lascia scostati...

Tu sei di Norma sposo.

[*Dividendosi da lui.*]

POL. Qual io mi fossi obbligo... l'amante tuo son io.
Con tutto il fuoco.

E mio destino amarti... Destino costei lasciar.

NOR. èbben : lo compì... e parti.

(*Reprimendo il furore.*)

Seguilo.

(*Ad Adalgisa.*)

ADA. Ah no giammai ! ah no. Ah ! pria morir.

Covers her face with her hands; NORMA seizes her by the arm and compels her to behold POLLIONE.

NOR. Oh what a victim thou art made
To a cruel and dread deceit,
Before thus knowing and betray'd—
Better thy death—thy death to greet,
Eternal source of bitter tears,
He has thus to thee display'd,
As my heart deceived appears,
The impious has thy heart betray'd.

ADA. Oh yes, what horrid mystery
Is in thy words to me conveyed !
Trembling my heart now fears to say ;
Trembling the truth now would evade—
Yes all, yes all, is known to me ;
My lost, my lost, unhappy state—
Endless will be my misery,
If I'm like thee betray'd.

FOL. Norma, thy anger in pity cease,
To her let not reproof be made.
Grant this afflicted virgin peace,
Ah let her fears then be allay'd—
Pray then cover with a veil
From her our secret shame—
Heaven alone our fates fulfil
Alone the guilty blame.

NOR. Perfidious.

POL. Enough. (*About departing.*)

NOR. Depart not.

POL. Come. (*Takes ADALGISA.*)

ADA. Leave me! begone! You are the wife of
Norma. (*Releasing herself.*)

POL. What I was I ne'er can be; thy lover still
I am. (*With fervor.*) Fate compels me thus to love
thee, and to fly, to fly from her.

NOR. Well, fulfil it, and leave me.

(*Repressing her fury.*)

Follow him.

(*To Adalgisa.*)

ADA. Ah, no! never. Sooner would I die.

A 3.

NOR. Vanne, si : mi lascia, indegno,
(*Prorompendo.*)

Figli obblia, promessa, onore . .
Maledetto dal mio sdegno,
Non godrai d' an empio amore.
Te sull' onde, te su i venti
Seguiran mie furie ardenti,
Mia venaetta e notte e giorno
Ruggirà d' intorno a te.

POL. Fremi pure, e angoscia eterna
(*Disperatamente.*)

Pur m' imprechi il tuo furore !
Ouesto amor che mi governa
E di te, di me maggiore . .
Dio non v' ha che mali inventi
De' miei mali più cocenti . .
Maledetto io fui quel giorno
Che il destin t' offerse a me.

ADA. Ah ! non fia, non fia ch' io costi
(*Supplichevole a Norma.*)

Al tuo cor si rio dolore . .
Mari e monti sien frapposti
Fra me sèmpre e il traditore . .
Suffocar saprò i lamenti,
Divorar i miei tormenti :
Morirò perchè ritorno
Faccia il crudo ai figli e a te.

Squillano i sacri bronzi del Tempio. Norma è chiamata ai riti. Ella respinge d'un braccio Pollione e gli accena di uscire, Pollione si allontana furente.

FINE DEL ATTO PRIMO.

NOR. Go, yes go, unworthy leave me,
(*Giving way to her fury.*)

Forget children, faith and fame,
Curs'd by me, thou l't never be
Blest in thy impious flame ;
On the waves and on the winds
Shall my fury follow thee,
Night and day my vengeance bind
Its with'ring curse on thee.

POL. Rage, on and let thy fury fall
(*with desperation.*)

On me ; t'will ne'er reclaim
This love that binds my inward soul,
Is greater than thy reign ;
God could ne'er, could ne'er invent
For me a greater bane,
Ah, cursed was the moment
In which I made thee mine.

ADA. Ah no, ne'er shall you abide
(*Supplicating to Norma.*)

Thro' me such cruel pain,
Mountains, seas, from me divide,
This traitor and his name ;
Suppress'd shall be each sigh,
From grief will I refrain,
Die I will, that he may fly
To his children and thee again.

(The sacred bronze of the temple sounds. NORMA is called to the rites. She repulses with one arm POLLIONE, and points to him to go. POLLIONE parts furiously.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

Second Act.

SCENE I.

Interior of the habitation of Norma. On one side a Roman bed, covered with bear-skins. The children of Norma are sleeping.

(Norma enters with a lamp and a dagger in her hand. She sits down, and leaves the lamp on the table. She is pale and distracted.)

Recitative.

NOR. Sleep veils their eyes. They'll not see the hand prepar'd to slay them. Repent not, oh! heart. Live they cannot. Here waits death; and in Rome reproach they'll have, worse, ah! worse than death—slaves of a stepmother! ah! no, never. *(Rises.)* They must die. Yes. *(Advances to kill them.)* I cannot approach; I freeze with horror; my hair now stands erect. What! kill my children? Tender children! *(She is affected.)* They were my delight—they in whose fond smiles heaven's pardon I believ'd to see. And shall I kill them? of what are they guilty? *(She pauses.)* Children of Pollion. Behold their crime! They shall die for him, and no torments shall be so great as his. Yes, I'll kill them.

(Runs towards the bed, and raises the dagger; but terrified, she screams, and the children awake.)

Ah! no, they are my children, my children.

(Embraces them, and weeps.)

Clotilde.

(Calls Clotilde.)

Atto Secondo.

SCENA PRIMA.

Interno dell' abitazione di Norma. Da una parte un letto Romano coperto di pelle d'orso. I figli di Norma sono addormentati.

NORMA *con una lampa e un pugnale alla mano. Siede e posa la lampa sopra una tavola è pallida, contrafatta.*

Recitativo.

NOR. Dormono entrambi. . non vedran la mano che li percuote. Non pentirti, o core; viver non ponno. . Qui supplizio, e in Roma obbrobrio avrian, peggior supplizio assai. . schiavi d' una matrigna. Ah! no: giammai. (*Sorge.*) Muoiano, sì. Non posso Avvicinarmi: (*Fa un passo e ferma.*) un !gel mi prende, e fin fronte mi si solleva il crin. I figli uccido! . . Teneri figli. . (*Intenerendosi.*) . . Essi, pur dianzi delizia mia. . essi nel cui sorriso il perdono del ciel mirar credei? . . Ed io li svennero! . . diche son rei? (*Silenzio.*) Di Pollion son figli: ecco il delitto: essi per me son morti: Muoian per lui: e non sia pena che la sua somigli. Feriam. .

(S' incammina verso il letto; alza il pugnale; essa da un grido inorridita: i figli si svegliano.)

Ah! no...son figli miei!...miei figli
(*Li abbraccia e piange.*)
Clotilde!

CLOTILDE.

NOR. Vola...
Adalgisa a me guida.

CLO. Ella qui presso
Solitaria si aggira, e prega e plora.

NOR. Va. Si emendi il mio fallo...e poi si mora.
(*Clotilde parte.*)

ADALGISA.

NOR. Deh! con te, conte li prendi...
Li sostieni, li difendi...
Non ti chiedo onori e fasci;
A' tuoi figli ei fian serbati;
Prego sol che i miei non lasci
Schiavi, abbiatti, abbandonati...
Basti a te che disprezzata
Che tradita io fui per te,

ADA. Norma! ah! Norma, ancora amata,
Madre ancora-sarai per me.
Tienti i figli. Non fia mai
Ch'io mi tolga a queste arene.

NOR. Tu giurasti...

ADA. Sì, giurai...
Ma il tuo bene, il sol tuo bene.
Vado al campo, ed all' ingrato
Tutti io reco i tuoi lamenti;
La pietà che mi hai destato
Parlerà sublimi accenti...
Spera, spera...amor...natura
Ridestarsi in lui vedrai...
Del suo cor son io sicura...
Norma ancor vi regnerà.

NOR. Ch'io lo preghi?...Ah! no giammai.
Più non t'odo; parti...va.

A.

ADA. Mira, o Norma, a' tuoi ginocchi

NOR. Fly ! bring Adalgisa to me.

CLO. Not far from hance, pensive and solitary, she walks and weeps.

NOR. Go. (*Clotilde exit.*) Let me mend my fault, and die.

(*Enter Adalgisa.*)

NOR. Pray with thee, with thee then take them,
Oh sustain, love, and defend them.
Honors for them I ask thee not,
Keep them for thy children's lot.
Pray then leave not mine forlorn,
Slaves abandon'd to earth's scorn,
Enough for thee I was despis'd,
Vilely thus for thee betray'd.
Adalgisa, grant relief
To my great and heartfelt grief.

ADAL. Norma, ah ! Norma, belov'd by me,
A mother to thy children be.
Keep them then, in this world never
From this spot will I e'er sever.

NOR. Thou hast sworn it !

ADAL. Yes, I've sworn, but your good, your only
Yes, to the ingrate's camp I'll go, [good
To him your every sigh I'll bear !
The pity you on me bestow,
Shall speak in words sublime and dear.
Ah ! then hope, affection for thee
Once again his love inflaming,
In his heart secured shall be,
Norma still triumphant reigning.

NOR. Pray to him ! ah ! no never
I'll hear no more ! begone !

A. 2.

ADAL. See, oh Norma, kneeling at thy feet

Questi cari pargoletti.
 Ah ! pietà di lor di tocchi
 Se non hai di te pietà.

NOR. Ah ! perchè la mia costanza
 Vuoi scemar con molli affetti ?
 Più lusinghe, più speranza
 Presso a morte un cor non ha.

ADAL. Cedi . . deh ! cedi.

NOR. Ah ! lasciami.

Ei t'ama.

ADAL. Ei già sen pente.

NOR. E tu ? . .

ADAL. L'amai . . Quest'anima
 Sol l'amistade or sente.

NOR. O giovinetta ! . . . E vuoi ? . . .
 Renderti i dritti tuoi,
 O teco al cielo e agli uomini
 Giuro celarmi ognor. . .

NOR. Si Hai vinto . . abbracciami.
 Trovo un' amica ancor.

A. 2. Sì, fino all' ore estreme
 Compagna tu m'avrai :
 Per ricovrarci insieme
 Ampia è la terra assai.
 Teco del Fato all'onte
 Ferma opporrò la fronte
 Finchè il mio core a battere
 Io senta sul tuo cor.

(Partono.)

SCENA II.

(Luogo solitario presso il bosco del Druidi.)

GUERRIERI GALLI.

CORO. Non partì ?

Finora è al campo.
 Tutto il dice. I ferì carmi,

These sweet pledges of thy cherished faith,
 Ah with pity their young hearts greet,
 Tho' for thyself thy soul no pity hath.

NOR. Ah ! why my constant firmness shake,
 Why recall with soft affection's breath
 Hopes and fears, that ne'er can wake
 A heart, a heart that's near to death.

ADA. Yield ! ah yield !

NOR. Ah ! leave me,
 He loves thee.

ADA. He already repents.

NOR. And you ?

ADA. Loved him once ! but now
 This heart feels nought but friendship.

NOR. Oh young maiden ! and you ?

ADA. Will render to thee thy right,
 And swear myself to hide,
 Forever from heaven and men.

NOR. Yes, thou hast conquered, embrace me.
 I have yet one friend !

BOTH. Yes, to the latest hour, I'll bind me.
 Companion to thee, each joy with thee sharing,
 Shelter'd, yes shelter'd, in love united with
 thee,
 Ample the earth each joy for us preparing.
 At each decree of fate with thee,
 Firmly my front opposed shall be,
 Till I feel, my breast impart
 Its joyful beatings to thy heart.

(They leave.)

SCENE II.

(Solitary place near the Druid's Grove.)

(Enter Gallic Warriors.)

CORO. Not yet gone, he's in the tent.

The warrior's song, yes, all consent.

Il fragor, il suon dell' armi
Delle insegne il ventilar.

Tutti. Attendiam: un breva inciampo
Non ci turbi, non ci arresti
E in silenzio il cor si appresti
La grand'opra a consumar.

The clanging sound of hostile arms,
Of waving flags and war's alarms.
ALL. We'll wait, we'll wait a short delay
Shall not disturb, or vengeance stay;
In silence let our hearts attend,
This great, and glorious work end.
(*Enter OROVESEO.*)

Atto Terzo.

SCENE I.

(Tempio d'Irminsul.—Ara e pietra Druidica.)
Recitativo.

NORMA.

NOR. Ei tornerà . . . Si, mia fidanzza è posta in Adalgisa : ei tornerà pentito supplichevole, amante. Oh ! a tal pensiero sparisce il nuvol nero, Che mi premea la fronte, e il sol m'arride, Come del primo amore ai di felici.
(Esce CLOTILDE.)

Clotilde !

CLO. O Norma ! . . . Uopo è d'ardir

NOR. Che dici !

CLO. Lassa !

NOR. Favella.

CLO. Indarno Parlò Adalgisa, e pianse.

NOR. Ed io fidarmi di lei dovea ? Di mano uscirmi, e, bella del suo dolore, presentarsi all'empio Ella tramava.

CLO. Ella ritorna al tempio. Trista, dolente implora di profferir suoi voti.

NOR.

Ed egli ?

Third Act.

SCENE I.

(Temple of Irminsal.—Altar and Druidical stone.)
Recitative.

(Enter NORMA.)

NOR. He will return, yes, my confidence is posted in Adalgisa, he will return repentant, a supplicating lover. Oh ! at such thought all dark clouds disappear, which circled round my head, and the Sun smiles on me as in my first happy days of love.

(Enter CLOTILDE.)

Clotilde!

CLO. Oh Norma ! firmness and courage is necessary.

NOR. What say you ?

CLO. Alas !

NOR. Speak.

CLO. In vain Adalgisa speaks and weeps !

NOR. And I had confidence in her ; let her escape me ; and beautiful in her tears, to present herself to that wretch ! she conspired it.

CLO. She returns to the temple : sad and weeping, imploring to take her vows !

NOR. And he

CLO. Rapirla giura anco all' altar del Nume.

NOR. Troppo il felon presume. Lo previen mia vendetta, e qui di sangue Sangue romano . . . scorreran torrenti,

(Si apressa all' ara, e batte tre volte lo scudo d'Irminsul.)

(Coro. di dentro)

Squilla il bronzo del Dio !

Accorrono da varie parti OROVESO, i DRUIDI, i BARDI, e le MINISTRE: A poco a poco il tempio si riempie NORMA si colloca sull' altare.

ORO. Norma? che fu? Percosso lo scudo d'Irminsul? quali alla terra decreti intima?

NOR. Guerra, Strage, sterminio.

ORO. E a noi pur dianzi pace S'imponea pel tuo labbro !

NOR. Ed ira adesso, Armi, furore e morte. Il cantico di guerra alzate, o forti.

INNO GUERRIERO.

Guerra ! Le galliche selve

Quante han querce producon guerrier

Quai su i greggi fameliche belve

Sui Romani vann' essi a cader.

Strage, strage, sterminio vendetta.

Gia comincia si compie si affretta

Come biade de falci mi tute.

Son di Roma le schier e cadute.

CLO. Swears to tear her from the altar of God.

NOR. Too much the felon presumes, I will interpose my vengeance, and here Roman blood shall flow in torrents.

(She runs to the altar and strikes three times the shield of Irminsul.)

(Coro within.)

The sacred bronze resounds !

(Enter running from various parts, OROVESO, DRUIDS, BARDS, MINISTERS, in a little time the temple is filled, and NORMA ascends the throne.)

ORO. Norma ! ah speak the shield of Irminsul resounds, what wise decrees are spread around !

NOR. War, Strife, extermination.

ORO. On us but lately, thy lips imposed peace !

NOR. And anger now arms fury and death.
Raise high the song of war, oh warriors !

WARRIOR'S HYMN.

War, war ! the Gallic woods,
Warrior's produce as oaks,
Like beasts of prey on Roman blood
Shall fall their mighty strokes.
Strife, yes slaughter and revenge,
E'en now begins, and is fulfill'd,
And mow'd down like fallen corn,
The Roman legions by us kill'd.

Tronchi i vanni recisi gli artigli.
 Abattutta ecco l' aquila al suol
 A morai il trionfo dei figli
 Vienè il dio sovra un raggio di sol.

ORO. Nè compì il rito. O Norma! ne la vittimá accenni.

NOR. Ella fia pronta non mai l'altar tremendo vittimé manco ma qual tumulto.

CLOTILDE .

CLO. Al nostro tempio insulto fece an Romano nella sacre chiostra delle virgini alunne egli fu colto.

TUTTI. Un Romano?

NOR. Che ascolto Se mai foss egli!

TUTTI. A noi vientratto!

NOR. Edesso! (*POLLIONE fra soldati.*)

ORO. E Pollion!

NOR. Son vendicata adesso!

ORO. Sacrilego nemico e che ti spinsé a violar queste temute soglie, asfidar l'ira d'Irmisul?

POL. Ferisci; ma non interrogarmi.

NOR. (*sveldanosi*) Io ferir deggio. Scostatevi.

POL. Chi veggio? Norma!

NOR. Sì, Norma.

TUTTI. Il sacro ferro impugna, Vendica il Dio.

NOR. (*Prende il pugnale dalle mani di Oroveso*
 Si, feriam. Ah! [*si arresta*]

TUTTI. Tu tremi?

NOR. (Ah! non poss'io.)

ORO. Che fia? Perché t'arresti?

NOR. (Poss'io sentir pietá!)

CORO. Ferisci.

NOR. Io deggio interrogarlo....investigar qual sia l'insidiata o complice ministra che il profan persuase a fallo estremo Ite per poco.

ORO E CORO. Che far pensa?

With wings and talons, broken crush'd,
 The Roman eagles then must fall.
 Our God appears in radiance drest,
 To hail triumphant Gaul.

ORO. Accomplish the rites oh Norma, and the victim reveal.

NOR. She will be ready; the tremendous altar of God, victims ne'er will want! But what tumult.

(*Enter CLOTILDE.*)

CLO. A Roman has insulted our sacred Temple! He was taken near the secluded cloister of the sacred virgins.

ALL. A Roman?

NOR. What do I hear should it be he?

ALL. They conduct him hither! [*diera.*]

NOR. 'Tis he! (*POLLIONE brought in between soldiers.*)

ORO. 'Tis Pollione!

NOR. I am revenged already.

ORO. Sacrilegious enemy, who urged thee, to violate these sacred precincts, and to defy the wrath of Irminsul?

POL. Strike, but interrogate me not.

NOR. (*shewing herself*) I ought to kill him, stand back.

POL. What do I see, Norma?

NOR. Yes, Norma.

ALL. The sacred dagger take and avenge our God.

NOR. (*Takes the dagger from the hand of Orveso.*)
 Yes, I'll kill him. Ah! (*She starts back.*)

ALL. You tremble.

NOR. (Ah, I cannot.) (*aside.*)

ORO. What do you? Why stay your hand?

NOR. Can I feel pity? (*aside.*)

ALL. Strike!

NOR. I must interrogate him to know who is this insidious Priestess, accomplice with him in so great a crime. Leave for a while.

ORO. and CHORUS. What means she?

POL. (Io tremo.)

(Oroveso e tutti si ritirano.)

NORMA E POLLIONE.

NOR. In mia mano alfin tu sei :
Niun potria spezzar tuoi nodi.
Io lo posso.

POL. Tu nol dei.

NOR. Io lo voglio.

POL. Come ?

NOR. M'odi.

Pel tuo Dio, pe' figli tuoi. . .

Giurar dei, che d'ora in poi. . .

Adalgisa fuggirai. . .

All' altar non la torrai. . .

E la vita io ti perdono. . .

E non più ti rivedrò.

Giura.

POL. No : sì vil non sono.

NOR. Giura, giura. (*con furore.*)

POL. Ah ! pria morirò.

NOR. Non sai tu che il mio furore passa il tuo ?

POL. Ch'ei piombi attendo.

NOR. Non sai tu che ai figli in core questo ferro. .

POL. Oh Dio ! che intendo ?

NOR. Sì, sov'r'essi alzai la punta. . . Vedi. . . vedi. . .
a che son giunta ! . . . Non ferii, ma tosto. . . adesso
consumar potrei l'eccesso. . . un instante. . . e d'esser
madre mi poss'io dimenticar.

POL. Ah ! crudele, in sen del padre il pugnol tu
dei vibrar. A me il porgi.

NOR. A te !

POL. Che spento cada io solo !

NOR. Solo ! . . . Tutti.

I Romani a cento a cento

Fian mietuti, fian distrutti. . . .

E Adalgisa. . .

POL. I tremble.

(*Oroveso and all retire. The Temple is cleared.*)

NORMA AND POLLION.

NOR. In my hand at last thou art,
None thy freedom can impart,
I alone.

POL. You ought not !

NOR. I will consent.

POL. How ?

NOR. Hear me.

By your Gods, your children dear,
Swear to me that from this hour,
Adalgisa ne'er shall fear
At the altar thy fell power,
And thy life I pardon thee,
No more, no more, thy form I'll see.
Swear.

POL. No, I'm not so vile.

NOR. Swear, swear. (*With fury.*)

POL. No, I'd rather die.

NOR. Knowest thou not that my fury passes thine ?

POL. I await its fall.

NOR. Knowest thou not that in thy children's hearts
this dagger—

POL. Oh God ! what do I hear ?

NOR. Yes, 'gainst them its point I raised. See to
what I am arrived—I killed them not—but soon—e'en
now, I could commit this deed. An instant, and that
I'm their mother, I could forget.

POL. Ah, cruel, in the father's heart thou shouldst
strike the blow. Give me the dagger.

NOR. To thee ?

POL. That I alone may die.

NOR. Alone !

All the Romans by hundreds slain,
Yes, shall supplicate in vain,
And Adalgisa—

POL. Ahime !
 NOR. Infedele A' suoi voti. . .
 POL. Ebben, crudele ?
 NOR. Adalgisa fia punita ;
 Nelle fiamme perirà.
 POL. Oh ! ti prendi la mia vita,
 Ma di lei, di lei pietà.

▲ 2.

NOR. Preghi alfine ! indegno ! è tardi.
 Nel suo cor ti vo' ferire.
 Gia mi pasco ne' tuoi sguardi,
 Del tuo duol, del suo morire.
 Posso alfine, e voglio farti
 Infelice al par di me.
 POL. Ah ! t'appaghi il mio terrore,
 Al tuo piè son io piangente. . .
 In me sfoga il tuo furore,
 Ma risparmia un' innocente :
 Basti, ah ! basti a vendicarti
 Ch' io mi sveni inannxi a te.
 Dammi quel ferro,
 NOR. Che osi ;
 Scostati.
 POL. Il ferro, il ferro !
 NOR. Oh ! ministri,
 Sacerdoti, accorrete.

ULTIMA.

(*Ritornano OROVESO, i DRUIDI, i BARDI, e i GUERRIERI, &c.,*

Recitativo.

NOR. All'ira vostra nuova vittima io svelo. Una
 spergiura sacerdotessa i sacri voti infranse, tradi la patria,
 il Dio degli avi offese.

TUTTI. Oh ! delitto ! oh ! horror ! Ne sia palese.

POL. Alas !
 NOR. Unfaithful to her vows.
 POL. What then cruel !
 NOR. Adalgisa to her vows untrue,
 Shall fall for you and perish in the flames.
 POL. Ah ! my life then take,
 But pity have for her.

NOR. You pray at last, unworthy, 'tis late, [thee
 Through her heart, her heart, I'll wound
 Yes, thy looks e'en now repay me.
 At her death what grief is thine.
 Yes, I'll make at last thy misery
 Surpass the force of mine.

POL. Ah ! rejoice then in my terror,
 See me weeping at thy feet,
 Round me let thy fury gather,
 Save her innocence such fate.
 Yes, enough for thy revenge,
 That at thy feet I die.
 Give me the dagger.

NOR. What, dare you ?
 Begone. [*Norma.*

POL. The dagger, the dagger. (*Advancing to*

NOR. Oh ! Ministers,
 Priests, return, return.

THE FINALE.

(*Re-enter OROVESO, DRUIDS, BARDS, WARRIORS
 &c.*)

Recitative.

NOR. To your anger I make known a victim. A
 perjured Priestess her sacred vows has broken, betray'd
 her country, and her god offended.

ALL. Oh ! crime ! oh ! horror ! Reveal her name.

NOR. Si, preparate il rogo.

POL. Oh ! ancor ti prego, Norma, pietà.

TUTTI. Ne svela il nome.

NOR. (Io rea L'innocente accusar del fallo mio ?)

TUTTI. Parla : chi è dessa ?

POL. Ah ! non lo dir.

NOR. Son io.

ORO. Tu ! Norma ?

NOR. Io stessa. Il rogo ergete.

CORO. (D'orrore io gelo.)

POL. (Mi manca il cor.)

TUTTI. Tu delinquente !

POL. Non lo credete.

NOR. Norma non mente.

ORO. Oh ! mio dolor !

TUTTI.

NOR. Qual cor tradisti, qual cor perdesti
Qest' ora orrenda ti manifesti.
Da me fuggire tentasti invano ;
Crudel Romano-tu sei con me.
Un nume un fato di te più forte
Ci vuole uniti in vita e in morte,
Sul rogo istesso che mi divora,
Sotterra ancora-sarò con te.

POL. Ah ! troppo tardi t'ho conosciuta. . . .
Sublima donna, io t'ho perduta. . . .
Col mio rimorso è amor rinato,
Più disperato-furiente egli è.
Moriamo insieme, ah ! si moriamo ;
L'estremo accento sarà ch'io t'amo.
Ma tu morendo, non m'abborrire,
Pria di morire-perdona a me.

OROVESO E CORO.

Oh ! in te ritorna, si rassicura ;
Canuto padre te ne sconsigliava :
Di' che deliri, di che tu menti,
Che stolti accenti-uscir da te.

NOR. Yes, prepare the pile.

POL. Oh ! yet I beseech you, Norma, have pity.

ALL. Reveal her name.

NOR. (*aside.*) Shall I, the guilty, accuse the innocent, of my crime ?

ALL. Speak : who is she ?

POL. Ah ! do not say—

NOR. 'Tis I.

ORO. You, Norma ?

NOR. Yes ; I prepare the pile.

ALL. I freeze with horror,

POL. My heart fails me.

ALL. You delinquent !

POL. Believe it not.

NOR. Norma deceives not.

ORO. Oh, my grief !

NOR. What heart-betraying, what heart-despising,
This horrid moment is manifesting—
To fly from me ; yes, vainly you essay—
No, cruel Roman, with me you stay.
A god, a destiny than thee greater saith,
United we shall be in life and death ;
The pile I'll brave, that will devour me,
There, and in the grave, I'll be with thee.

POL. Ah yes ! too late then have I thus known thee,
Too lovely woman, ah ! have I lost thee.
Ah ! yes, with my remorse my love returns
With unrestrained force, now fiercely burns.
We'll die together.—To thee shall prove
My latest breath how much I love.
Ah ! pray, in dying do not abhor me ;
In thy last moments, Ah ! pray, forgive me.

ORO. AND CORO.

Oh ! calm thyself, assure us then,
Thy aged father conjures thee too,
That thou but ravest ; say to us
That foolish word escaped thee so.

Il Dio severo che qui t'intende
 Se stassi muto, se il tuon sospende,
 Indizio è questo, indizio espresso
 Che tanto eccesso punir non de'.

ORO. Norma! . . . deh! Norma! scolpati. . .
 Taci? . . . ne ascolti appena?

NOR. Cielo! e i miei figli?

POL. Ahi! miseri!

NOR. I nostri figli? (*Volgendosi a Pol.*)

POL. Oh! pena!

CORO. Norma sei rea?

NOR. (*Disperatamente*) Sì, rea,
 Oltre ogni umana idea.

ORO, E CORO.

Empia!

NOR. (*a Oro.*) Tu m'odi.

ORO. Scostati.

NOR. Deh! m'odi!

ORO. Oh! mio dolor!

NOR. Son madre . . . (*Piano ad Oro.*)

ORO. Madre!!! (*Con horrore.*)

NOR. Acquetati Clotilde ha i figli miei . . . Tu li
 raccogli . . . e ai barbari l'invola insiem con lei . . .

ORO. Giammai . . . giammai . . . va . . . lasciami.

NOR. Ah! padre! . . . un prego ancor.
 (*S'inginocchia.*)

Deh! non volerli vittime

Del mio fatale errore . . .

Deh! non troncar sul fiore

Quell'innocente età.

Pensa che son tuo sangue . . .

Del sangue tuo pietà.

Padre! tu piangi!

ORO. Opresso è il core.

NOR. Piangi e perdona.

ORO. Ha vinto amore.

NOR. Ah! tu perdoni.—Quel pianto il dice.

If the great God who, hearing thee,
Suspends his thunders, silent keeps,
It is a sign express, that we
Should pardon this excess in thee.

ORO. Norma! pray! excuse thyself;
Silent? Thou hearest not?

NOR. Heaven's! ah! my children?

POL. Ah! unfortunate!

NOR. Our children. (*Turning to Pollione.*)

POL. Oh! horror!

CORO. Norma, art thou guilty?

NOR. (*With desperation.*) Yes, guilty beyond all
human idea.

ORO. AND COR.

Impious!

NOR. Hear me. (*To Oroveso.*)

ORO. Begone.

NOR. Pray! Hear me!

ORO. Oh! my grief!

NOR. I am a mother. (*Softly to Oroveso.*)

ORO. Mother! (*With horror.*)

NOR. Calm thyself. Clotilde has my children;
you will receive them, and hide them from the barba-
rians.

ORO. Never—never—go—leave me.

NOR. Ah! Father!—one prayer more.

(*She kneels.*)

Oh! victims make them not

To my sad fatal error—

Let innocence secure their lot,

Ah! cut not down the flower;

Think then that thy blood I am,

Pity then take on them,

Pity take on me.

Father! you weep!

ORO. My heart is oppressed.

NOR. Weep and forgive me.

ORO. Love has conquered.

NOR. Ah! yes, your pardon—these tears disclose
With happiness this breast now glows.

POL. E. NOR.

Io più non chiedo, io son felice.

^a
Content il rogo ascenderò.

^o
ORO. Ah ! consolarmene mai non potrò.

CORO. Piange !... prega !

Qui respinta è la preghiera.

Le si spogli il crin del serto :

Sia coperta — di squallor.

(*Li coprono d'un velo nero.*)

Vanne al rogo ; ed il tuo scempio

Purghi l'ara e lavi il tempio.

Maledetta all'ultim'ora !

Maledetta estinta ancor !

ORO. Va, infelice !

NOR. (*Incaminandosi*) Padre !. . addio.

POL. Il tuo rogo, o Norma, è il mio.

A 3.

ORO. } Sgorge alfin, prorompi, e pianto,
 } Sei permesso a un genitor.

SI CALA IL SIPARIO.

I ask no more—ah no !

Contented to the pile I go.

ORO. Ne'er ! shall I be consol'd.

CORO. She weeps ! she weeps ! her hopes are gone,
Her prayers no power hath ;
Take from her head the sacred crown
And place the veil of death.

(They cover them with a black veil.)

Go to the pile, and let thy death
The air and temple purge ;
Yes ! curses from our latest breath
Shall be thy funeral dirge !

ORO. Go unhappy one !

NOR. *(going)* Father, adieu !

POL. Thy pile, oh Norma ! is mine.

ORO. Oh gushing tears now freely start,
And ease a Father's breaking heart.

THE CURTAIN FALLS.

Mus 584 .485 .16

Norma;

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